

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV

JULY, 1927

No. 7

CONTENTS

Portrait of George Washington, by Stanley Arthur	Frontispiece
The Pioneer Trail	Mrs. Parley Nelson 313
Americanism	Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund 315
Portrait and Sketch of Anna Margaretta Christensen Peay	320
Autobiography of Elizabeth Grace McCune (with portraits)	322
The Lament of the Spinning Wheel	Grace Ingles Frost 328
Harriet Ann Pyper (with portrait)	Ramona Wilcox Cannon 329
Editorial—The Nephi Celebration	337
Mrs. Lyman Invited to Geneva	338
Mrs. Hart Goes to Canada	338
The 24th of July, 56 Years Ago	Ellen L. Jakeman 340
Sarah Andrews Bailey (Sketch with portraits)	349
Tabitha Matilda Norton	Minnie Wright Boyle 354
Sea Gulls	Claire Stewart Boyer 357
Notes from the Field	Amy Brown Lyman 358
Grandmother's Day	Estelle Webb Thomas 354
Work and Business	365

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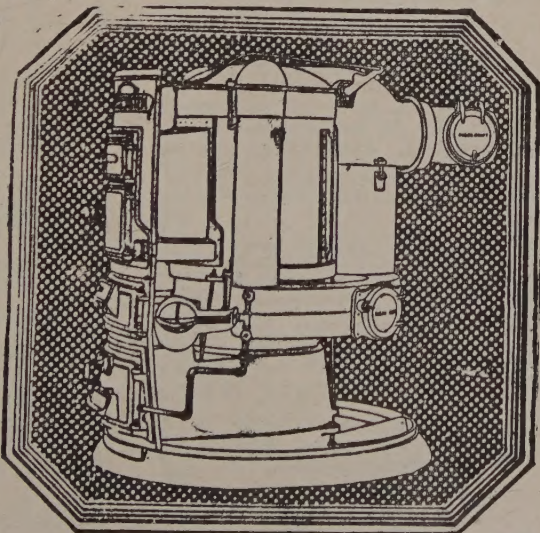
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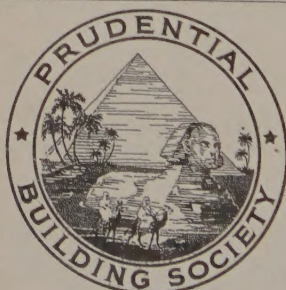


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The Pioneer Trail

By Mrs. Parley Nelson

O, I am the Trail of the Pioneers,
That long, long trail of by-gone years—
The trail first trod by their weary feet,
As they trudged through the snow or the summer's heat :
I am that trail whose winding way
They followed hopefully, day after day.

I know their story of want and woe,
And the courage and faith it required to go,
With tottering sire and helpless child,
Over trackless plains to the mountains wild ;
I know what heartaches o'erflowed each breast
As they journeyed to the distant West.

I seem to hear, through a mist of rain,
Their sobs of sorrow, their moans of pain,
To feel the touch of their bleeding feet
As they plodded along through the mud and sleet ;
And I seem to hear an anguished prayer,
Heavenward sent through the windswept air—
A plea for wisdom and strength to save
Someone beloved from an unmarked grave.

I can never forget the songs they sang
As the campfire leapt with a flaming tongue ;
'Midst hunger and cold their voices swell
In a song of courage that "All is well."
They eagerly looked toward their journey's end,
And believed that God was their staunchest friend.

O brave, undaunted Pioneers !
To you the plaudits, the praise, the cheers.
All honor to you and your leaders bold ;
You left a heritage better than gold.
May your children's children follow you
And walk in the trails of the brave and true.



GEORGE WASHINGTON, BY STANLEY ARTHUR

This is known as the Sesque-Centennial Portrait of Washington. Washington will be very much in the public mind until after the celebration of the 200 anniversary of his birth. The address of President Calvin Coolidge on the 22nd of February did very much to center anew interest in George Washington.

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Americanism

Interpreted by the Church, the Constitution
and the Flag

Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund—Member of General Board

If I were to seek for a text for my address this morning, I should probably turn to Proverbs, and quote, "Remove not the ancient landmarks set up by your fathers;" and I should go further and say, Keep them ever before your eyes, cherish them in your hearts, honor them in every act of your lives! I should then interpret those landmarks to mean the great events in our country's history, and the heroic truths we have ever had taught us, as foundation principles upon which our spiritual and our national life has been reared. We have always been a loyal people; patriotism has been a part of our very being. There has never been any question as to the attitude of this Church. One cannot be a consistent Latter-day Saint in this land who is not also a devoted believer in the destiny of this great country. This is the perfectly natural development in the descendants of those who founded this commonwealth. Those men and women chosen to bring forth the gospel in this dispensation, and plant it here in the tops of the mountains, were, for the most part, sons and daughters of those who established this Republic, who made and preserved us a Nation. Senator Beveridge said upon one occasion that his hat was off to the people who went on record with the statement that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States were drafted under the inspiration of God himself. This we have always believed, and we have believed, too, without the shadow of a doubt, the assertion contained in the *Book of Mormon* that "this is a land choice above all other lands," and that this flag should be an ensign to all the nations.

Look for a brief moment at the history of our past. In

December, 1845, during the darkest days of our Nauvoo trouble, this was the reply of the high council and the authorities of the Church to the question of our people's loyalty—"We feel the injuries that we have sustained, and are not insensible of the wrongs that we have suffered; still we are Americans." In the following Summer, when the people had in very deed become homeless in their own land, came the call from the government for the "Mormon" Battalion. We can only note in passing that this story, taken in its complete setting, gives a proof of our love and loyalty to God and country that can never fade as long as history is written.

The story of the birth of Utah is like a page of family history to most of us, and when we read that beautiful story of the prayer dedicating this land to God, and the people to his service, its parallel will come to our minds in the heroic group on the shores of New England, kneeling in prayer, and seeking divine guidance for the commonwealth they hoped to found. On the 26th day of July, 1847, President Brigham Young and some of his followers ascended the mountain above the Hot Springs to get a better view of the surrounding country. As they stood upon this point, President Young remarked that this was the spot upon which to lift up an ensign, referring, no doubt, to Isaiah's prophecy. The suggestion was carried out later, and our state was, as it were, born under the Stars and Stripes. The Church and school house arose along with the first poor dwellings. I have always felt that we could say with Webster, "Who could wish his country's beginning otherwise? Her first breath was with intelligence—her first thought the inspiration of liberty!"

In October, 1681, the telegraph line across the continent was completed, and President Young was courteously tendered the privilege of sending the first message from Salt Lake City. It was sent to the president of the Telegraph Company—Mr. J. H. Wade, as follows: "Sir: Permit me to congratulate you upon the completion of The Overland Telegraph Lines, west to this city—to commend the energy displayed by yourself and associates in the rapid and successful prosecution of a work so beneficial; and to express the wish that its use may ever tend to promote the true interests of the dwellers upon both the Atlantic and Pacific slopes of our continent. Utah has not seceded, but is firm for the constitution and laws of our once happy country, and is warmly interested in such useful enterprises as the one so far completed." In making his reply Mr. Wade expressed gratitude to President Young that his, the first message to pass over the line, should express so unmistakably the patriotism and union-loving sentiments of himself and his people.

In April, 1862, President Lincoln requested President Young to raise a force of cavalry to guard the overland route. This

was promptly done—even before the request came the offer had been made by President Young.

The record of our people in the Spanish-American and the great World wars needs but to be suggested, and in this connection I am always reminded that there was no faltering on our part when the supreme test came: "Greater love hath no man than that a man lay down his life for his friends" (country).

The type of citizens which the Latter-day Saints have made everywhere they have settled, demonstrates that according to their ideal, good citizenship demands something active. We must be useful to our Church, to our country, and to our fellowmen, and upon this usefulness all else depends. As one of our greatest men has said: "The way to be patriotic in America is not only to love America, but to love the duty that is nearest to our hand and know that in performing it we are serving our country." We are a liberty-loving people but we understand liberty to mean a freedom of choice in regulating one's conduct. It does not consist in mere declarations of the rights of man, but in the translation of those declarations into definite, constructive action.

Perhaps it is well for us to pause for a moment, and consider the heritage which is ours, and the age in which we live. Life is an intense problem today, and we are all of us more or less absorbed in our individual ambitions, necessities, and duties, but from the very brief outline I have so imperfectly traced of our people, I think we may safely say there are two outstanding factors which constitute what we may call our heritage, and these are our religion and our government; the one giving us the only satisfying solution of life itself, pointing to the only road which leads to peace and happiness in this world, and salvation in the next; the other giving us law, order and liberty, without which we cannot get on in this world. So defined, our heritage demands much of us, if we are to hand it on unimpaired; an immense amount of careful thinking and earnest, prayerful effort.

As I said in the beginning, my purpose is to make a plea for the "landmarks of our fathers," and to show, if I can, their vital place in our lives today, if we would worthily carry on the work that is ours. We live in an age of irreverence and of merciless criticism. As Chauncey M. Depew said in one of his latest articles, "We carry criticism too far, and the analytic spirit is rampant. We are like children who dissect that with which they are happy until the sawdust pours out of the doll, or it fails to work when the machinery is wrecked." This does not mean that we should not seek to find our errors and correct them when we find them, but we should be careful in passing judgment to discriminate between the true and the false, to have proper sense of values in our criticism. Above all else we should seek, with understanding hearts, to know those eternal truths in our faith and in our gov-

ernment, and apply them in our daily life. The very fate of democracy rests with the people themselves. If our free institutions are to endure, we must be able to produce intelligent, capable leaders, with an enlightened public back of them. It is "We the people" who ordain this Constitution quite as much today as it was in 1789, for the Constitution of the United States is the fundamental laws or principles of government by which the people of this nation agree to be governed, resting, as it does, upon the principle that all governments derived their just powers from the consent of the governed. George Washington said: "The basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitution of government," and Lord Bryce added: "The American Constitution has stood unbroken because it has submitted to a process of constant, though sometimes scarcely perceptible change, which has adapted it to the conditions and needs of each new age."

The formation of the Constitution of the United States was one of the most important events in history. It gave to mankind the first adequate type of government by the people, capable of being extended to the greatest of nations, and established the union of the states upon a foundation on which was actually reared this mighty nation of ours. The journal of the Constitutional Convention that formed such a government is the most instructive treatise in constructive political science ever given to the world. Roosevelt said no American could consider his education complete without it. I might go on and quote volumes of splendid tributes and treaties on our Constitution, but that, I take it, is not the purpose of this talk, but rather to stress the importance of the Constitution to us in our daily lives, to call attention to the inestimable value of American citizenship, the highest gift within the province of the state, the object of heroic struggle all through the ages. Do we realize that this citizenship carries with it duties and sacred obligations, as well as privileges? Are we real assets in our communities? Are we interested in civic improvement and welfare measures? Do we know our public servants and support and help them in the discharge of their duties? Do we take an interest in the selection of candidates for office, attend our primaries where the real choice is made, and use our franchise wisely? Do we seek to understand the laws, those on the statute books, and those in process of enactment? Do we honor and obey the law in small things as well as in great? These are some of the commonplace factors in life, but they show real patriotism and love of country.

My sisters, let us consider them, and in this age of merciless criticism, when all the idols of the past are discredited, let us read and understand the constitution of our country, and teach our children the immortal story of the Declaration of Independence and the Flag. Let us realize the truth that the cure

for all our ills lies in our own hands, if we but choose to use our powers. I know of no one who has more beautifully expressed the message of the flag than has Franklin K. Lane. Among many fine things he said: "We are all making the flag, who says to us, 'I am not the flag; not at all, I am but its shadow, I am whatever you make me, nothing more. I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be. I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, as a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making'."

We love America, not because she is the richest and most powerful nation in the world today, but for the moral force, the great spiritual ideal, which, in spite of all statements to the contrary, lies in her heart of hearts, and never fails to find expression in great crises. This is the ideal I would have our flag carry to all the world, and I would not have any nation fear America unless it feels that it is engaged in an enterprise contrary to the rights of humanity. "I do not know," to use the words of the great war president, "that there will ever be a Declaration of Independence for mankind, but I believe that if any such document is ever drawn, it will be drawn in the Spirit of the American Declaration of Independence. America has lifted high the light which will shine unto all generations and guide the feet of mankind to the goal of justice and liberty and peace."

Walter Lippman has said that all the ideals which our national fathers derived from the great Father of all nations, found expression in the words of Abraham Lincoln. These words consecrate the loftiest of American ideals, because in them the finest morality of the individual American is identified at last with the morality of the nation. They ring just as true and as timely now as they did when they were uttered sixty-two years ago. My sisters, let us make them our creed of Americanism today: "With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

EDITORS' NOTE

The Conference addresses of President A. W. Ivins, and of Secretary Amy Brown Lyman will appear in the August issue.



ANNA MARGARETTA CHRISTENSEN PEAY
Queen of the Second Ward Carnival, Provo, Utah

Anna Margretta Christenson Peay

The Provo Second ward Relief Society feel proud of their aged pioneer member who has lived to the unusual age of ninety years full of good cheer, love, and interest in the progress and blessings of the present day.

Anna Margretta Christensen Peay was born in Denmark, January 19, 1837. She became a member of the Latter-day Saints Church with her well-to-do parents in 1854, and came with them to Utah in 1857, bringing with them a number of emigrants.

They settled in Riverdale, where she married George Thomas Peay, July 4, 1860. In 1868, her husband sold his farm and moved to Provo, where his brothers and others of his family lived. They had no sooner reached Provo than he was called to be a minute man under the direction of General William B. Pace, to protect the settlers against an uprising of the Indians.

She has lived an industrious, economical and worthy life, helping her husband in his many enterprises in connection with a farm, a ranch, a saw mill, a molasses mill, and other mechanical work. Yet she has not forgotten the refining influences of the gospel. She has three worthy and industrious sons, and three talented and helpful daughters living near, who are ever ready to take their part for the pleasure and happiness of the community. She also has some thirty grandchildren.

When she was nominated for queen for the ward carnival by the Relief Society against the Sunday School queen, and the Young Ladies' queen, it was soon discovered that our cheerful and happy Sister Peay, though ninety years of age, was more popular than all the others.

On Sister Peay's birthday many of the members of the Relief Society and Daughters of the Pioneers called upon her with bouquets of flowers and good wishes in honor of her advanced age and unusual cheerfulness. Her daughters served the friends with delicious refreshments. The day will long be remembered by all.



MRS. ELIZABETH M'CUNE

Autobiography of Elizabeth Grace McCune

Taken From Her Journal By Her Daughter Mabel McCune Ure

I was born on the 27th of July, 1843, in Liverpool, England. My parents, Isaac Grace and Elizabeth Williams, were also born in Liverpool. They were married in 1842, and were both members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. At the time of my birth, my father, a master ship-builder, was foreman of the Jones Ship Yard, in Liverpool. My mother had a very beautiful voice for singing, and it was through the "Mormon" elders' singing on the street that my parents were attracted and they first heard the gospel.

I was seven years old when my parents decided to emigrate to Utah, and I remember distinctly going on board the ship *Ellen*,

as she lay at the dock, not far from our home. We set sail January 7, 1851. Many of our relatives and friends came to wish us "God speed!" We had been on our way only a few days when our ship met with an accident. I think another ship ran into us, but we were near the coast of Wales, and our captain turned around and went into Cardigan Bay. I recall my father's being put over the side of the ship on a plank with ropes and his working on the damaged part of the ship. In a few days the repairs were completed, and we started on our journey again. There were many passengers on the ship with us, all going to Utah. Our company was in charge of Joseph D. Cummings and Elder Dunn.

Our family consisted of father, mother, my father's aged mother, Grandma Grace, myself and two younger sisters, Margaret and Annette, the baby. After many days at sea, an epidemic of measles developed among the children and my baby sister, Annette, was one of the victims. She died, and I shall never forget how they sewed her up in canvas with some heavy weights at her feet and dropped her into the sea. I remember seeing her floating in the water a long time before she sank, and I ran down to the cabin where my parents were and told them of it. How angry my father was!

After eleven long weeks on the water we arrived in New Orleans and went on board a river steamer. We were many days going up the Mississippi. A new pink dress that my mother had made for me was blown overboard into the river, and I was broken-hearted. We finally arrived at St. Louis, where my father bought his wagons. Then we took steamer for Kanesville, the outfitting point, at that time, for the Saints, now called Council Bluffs. We remained here for several days preparing for our long journey across the plains.

My father had three yoke of cattle, one of which was a yoke of milking cows. One evening we stopped at a camp, and before father could get the cattle unhitched from the wagon, I crept in between them and milked one of the cows. Father was very upset and said I might have been kicked to death. My mother made me a large apron, and I used to walk in head of the wagons and gather buffalo chips for our fire. Buffalo were very plentiful; the prairies were black with them.

I was too young to remember many of the details of the trip, but my father has told me that we arrived in Salt Lake Valley soon after October conference and camped in what was known as Big Field. After a week's rest, we started for Parowan, but when we reached Salt Creek (now Nephi) my Aunt Margaret Davis, in getting out of her wagon, sprained her ankle. My folks and those with us decided to remain in Salt Creek. They were all tired of traveling, having been on the way since January 7, and it was now the 17th of November, 1851.

Salt Creek, or Nephi, had just been settled. Charles Sperry, Israel Hoyt, T. B. Foot, Ziniri Baxter had been there to cut hay, but they had gone back to Salt Lake for their families. Our family and the Davis family were the first families on the ground. My sister Margaret and cousin Charlotte Davis and myself were the first white children in Nephi. My sister Harriet Grace Pyper (now living in Salt Lake City), was the first white girl and the



ELIZABETH GRACE M'CUNE
Four years of age

second child born in Nephi. My father took up a city lot and some farming land and helped to build log houses for all that came. Our own was completed Christmas day. We moved into it that morning, and with great joy we anticipated our Christmas dinner which was cooking in the open fire-place. The chimney was built of frozen adobes and just as we were ready for dinner, the whole thing came tumbling into the room. My cheerful little

mother moved everything back into the wagon until a new chimney could be built.

In the Spring of 1852, the Walker Indian War broke out, and we had to move our homes and form a fort with them. The men had to go in companies and take their guns to work in the fields. Many new settlers joined us. The Indians continued to trouble us until President Brigham Young came down and made peace with them. At the same time he advised the people to build a wall around three square blocks as a protection against the Indians. This was done. (Until very recently, portions of this wall were still standing.)

In 1857, when the U. S. Government sent an army out to exterminate the "Mormons," my father, with many others, was sent out to Echo Canyon. I had learned the art of spinning yarn, and I was kept busy spinning our wool. Father had a small flock of sheep, sufficient to furnish wool for all our clothing. Just a few months before my brother Isaac was born, father built a story and a half adobe house. I helped him haul the adobes, handling every one of them twice. I also helped father in the grain and hay fields, part of the time barefoot.

In the Spring of 1858, when the army was permitted to come in, the people from Salt Lake and the northern settlements moved south, a number of them coming to Nephi. Among them was a family from Farmington, originally from Calcutta, India, by the name of McCune, consisting of father, mother and four sons. The eldest of them, Henry F., became my husband, Christmas Eve, 1861. In those days people could not go to the endowment house at will, but were called by wards. We were married at home by my husband's father, Dr. Mathew McCune, and it was not until two years had passed that we were called to the endowment house. About forty of our friends and relatives witnessed our marriage and remained for the banquet and dance which lasted until daylight. Our wedding presents from our parents were as follows:

From Father McCune, a pair of three-year-old steers and a heifer calf. From Mother McCune, a piece of white Indian silk for my wedding dress, and also a beautiful necklace, brooch, ear rings, and bracelet, which were brought from India. My parents gave us a heifer calf, a sheep, and three chairs. My lover husband gave me a gold locket which he had purchased in New York, and a pure gold chain that he had brought from India.

We went to housekeeping in two little rooms, one log and the other adobe. We had no table, but my husband had a huge old black trunk or chest, which served very well. Our beadstead was an old home-made one with a straw tick, and our cooking apparatus was the open fire-place. We were so perfectly happy that our humble little home seemed like paradise. Our first dishes

consisted of two home-made plates and two cups and saucers. After the Indians had become somewhat peaceful, we moved out of the fort. My husband took up a lot on the banks of Salt Creek, a beautiful stream running through the center of the town, and here we built our home. We planted a row of young peach trees which my father-in-law had budded and given to us, and which were growing nicely. Black hawk, the notorious Indian chief who later caused so much trouble and bloodshed, was camped on our lot with some of his renegades. With nothing but devilment for an excuse, he pulled up every tree and decamped.

In the month of September, 1864, President Brigham Young came to Nephi on his way to Dixie. He asked that the Nephi Brass Band accompany him. My husband was a member of this band and so of course he had to go. While he was away, I with my two little babies, moved back into the fort for the winter. The following Summer, 1865, the Black Hawk Indian War broke out, and our home being out of the fort and east of the town, caused us to be in constant fear, especially at night when my husband had to take his turn at standing guard. Four men were appointed to each post, three would lie down in their quilts, and one would watch for four hours, when he was relieved by another man. One night while my husband was standing guard, one of the brethren came to tell me to run for my life to the fort, as the Indians were coming. I ran with my two little ones as fast as I could, little Harry was not three years old and baby Grace not yet two. I was expecting another little one in a very few weeks. When I reached the fort I was very ill, and in a few hours my baby boy was born. He lived but a few hours, due to the terrible fright I had experienced.

The years rolled on, and while my babies were young, I could not take a very active part in Church affairs. My husband was very active both in Church duties and the home dramatics, which was an important part of our social life in early days. However, as the older children developed, they assisted with the younger ones, and I finally accepted the position of counselor in the presidency of the Primary. I held this position for a number of years.

When a child, I was given a patriarchal blessing, and one of the promises was that I should be an instrument in the hand of God in doing much good among the sick. This was literally fulfilled. For a great many years I was called upon to assist in taking care of the sick, especially little children. I loved the work, and I know that on numberless occasions I was an instrument in God's hand. At one time an epidemic of diphtheria threatened to destroy our little city. My own little daughter was at the point of death, but the Lord was merciful to me, for I was enabled to go from house to house assisting the mothers in caring for their

afflicted ones. While there were many deaths, a great many more were saved.

For fifteen years I held the office of Stake President in the Y. L. M. I. A. This work among the young people I truly loved with all my soul, and I feel that my sisters all loved me, for I became "Aunt Lizzie" to the whole stake.

One of the greatest trials of my life came in February, 1906, when we decided to sell the old home that we had been forty years in building, and move to Ogden, Utah. Most of the children had married and we knew that it would be but a few short years until all of them would leave the old nest and we would be left alone. With heavy hearts we parted from loved ones and friends, but it was just no time at all until we were settled in our new home and making wonderful new friends. I immediately affiliated myself with the Fifth Ward Relief Society, and in a very short time I had that good feeling of "belonging" once more.

In October, 1906, my beloved sister Margaret Jenkins died of pneumonia in Nephi. One little country street is all that ever separated us from the time she was born.

In August, 1908, when the old Weber stake was divided into three, I was chosen and set apart as second counselor to Sister L. W. Shurtliff in the stake Presidency of the Relief Society of the Weber stake. Sister Herrick was chosen as first counselor. This was a work of great joy to me. It would not be possible to find anywhere a more splendid or loyal band of workers or friends than I found here. It was not long until I seemed to know and love the whole of Weber stake. I continued in this work until my husband was called to labor at the Bureau of Information.

For a while he went back and forth. Then finally he was called to labor in the temple, and we knew that once more we must leave our nice home and friends and make new ones. This is not so hard, loved ones, when once you have learned the secret of it. Make yourself known to the ward in which you move and then go to work earnestly.

In January, 1915, we moved to Salt Lake, and for seven years I enjoyed the privilege of working in the temple along with my husband. This work was a constant joy to me, and I have received the blessed assurance that our work has not been in vain. Last year, on December 14, 1924, my life-long companion lover and friend left me for a little time. He has gone on to prepare one more beautiful home, and I have given him just one year to come for me.

How wonderfully has our heavenly Father blessed us! Eleven loving children, forty-seven grandchildren, and twenty great-grandchildren here to comfort and bless us, and two sons waiting to receive us there. Had my lover been permitted to remain just

two weeks longer, it would have been sixty-four years since we commenced life together.

* * * * *

I should like to add that my dear mother died December 23, 1925, just one year and a few days after dear father's passing. Surely they were blessed, but more surely have we children been blessed, and truly I thank God for having been so nobly born.

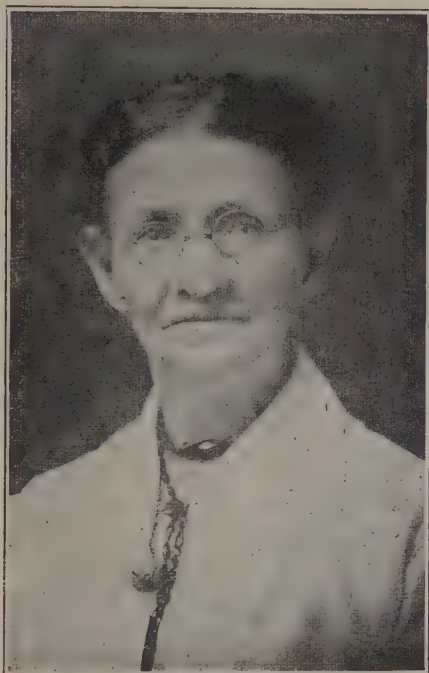
The Lament of the Spinning Wheel

By Grace Ingles Frost

Time was when I stood not idle,
Save when near the ingle nook;
I was set away at close of day,
By a fair-faced maid who took
Much pride in her wheel; methinks I feel
The touch of her nimble fingers,
As my spokes whirled round with cherry sound,
From early morn until were shorn
Day's shining locks at the even.

Must my hours now be useless?
Must I stand in an attic old,
With moth and rust, grown gray with dust,
Until at length I am sold
As a thing of naught? And ne'er a thought
For the maid who spun, one after one,
The threads for her nuptial cloths, while rose
An ecstasy for the days to be
When my wheel turned right merrily?

Oh, for the olden, golden hours,
When brightly hearth-fires burned
With heartsome cheer for each creature near,
And the wanderer ne'er was turned
From the door away but implored to stay
And take from the board his fill!
On the stairs below, a step grown slow,
Then the attic door swings wide.
Old friend of mine, alas! has time
Thus robbed your face of its beauteous grace?
Must we abide now side by side
Like words on an age-sored page?



HARRIET ANN GRACE PYPER

Harriet Ann Grace Pyper

The Pioneer Baby Girl of Nephi, Utah

By Ramona Wilcox Cannon

"Hard times, hard times, come again no more." The words of that song were on the lips of the last generation, and still live as a prayer in our own hearts. We spend most of our waking hours, in fact, battling against the bogeys of privation, sacrifice, hardship. Yet when we come into the presence of our Pioneer men and women, and feel the strong, quiet sense of mastery over life that is in them, and see the light of unfailing courage in their eyes, we are constrained to pause and wonder about that matter of hard times. For these Pioneers are the products of ceaseless labor, self-sacrifice, ever-present danger, and an idealism that

placed the spirit before the flesh. And we who come after them can but feel the greatness, the victory of their lives.

Sister Harriet Ann Grace Pyper is one of these typical Pioneer women. Uncomplainingly she goes about living a useful and industrious life. She gives a laugh rather than a tear to the old memories of hardships. She has passed through the sorrows of bereavement, losing children and husband; yet her face is pleasant. It still has the look of comparative youth, and shows in its expression the indomitable will that towered above her frail physical strength, and carried her through experiences that taxed both body and soul to the uttermost.

The parents of Sister Pyper were Isaac Grace and Elizabeth Williams Grace of Liverpool. The father was a shipbuilder, the mother a tailoress. Before their marriage they were both members of the choir in their Church. One day when they were walking out together, they stopped where a crowd had gathered, and heard a "Mormon" Elder preach the Gospel. They were impressed and in time both joined the Church.

A portion of the memories of Sister Pyper's childhood is dedicated to the stories told by her parents of their journey to Zion. With three young children they faced the dangers of the mighty Atlantic in a small sailing vessel, the *Ellen*.

More than three months they heaved and tossed on the great ocean, and during that time, they, who had given up all ties of home and friends to journey to a faraway land for the sake of the Gospel, were tested with a bitter trial. Their baby became ill, and instead of recovering, sickened more and more until death came at last, and the baby had to be dressed and wrapped in canvas, and with a short service, lowered to a grave in mid-ocean.

Following the usual route, the Grace family landed at New Orleans, and sailed up the Mississippi. They were comparatively well provided for and once with the Saints, were able to purchase a covered wagon, cows, two good yoke of oxen and an ample supply of provisions for traveling across the plains. Even so, Sister Grace, weary and ill with the burden of a new life, found the journey hard enough to endure.

Altogether, they spent nine months coming from Liverpool to the valley. Then, Pioneers in the truest sense of the word, they moved yet farther onward, south to Nephi, and were the first family to settle there. They were soon joined by a group of families, and at once the men engaged in building homes, working several together, first on one house, then on another. From October until Christmas time, Sister Grace, in her delicate state of health, knew no other home than a wagon-box. The men worked feverishly to finish the Grace home by Christmas day. Although they could not entirely complete the structure, that comprised only one room, and was put together of frozen adobes, they felt that

it was far enough along for the family to celebrate Christmas by moving into it. This was done with great rejoicing, the adobe cottage appearing palatial after the long period in the covered wagon. As the family ate their simple dinner in grand style, warmed by a crackling fire on the hearth, they laughed at the fury of the wind howling without. Then suddenly there came a gust fiercer than the others, and crash! crack!—the chimney falling down in confusion, part of the adobes outside, part inside



HARRIET GRACE PYPER,
at the age of seventeen. This dress
was spun and woven by herself.

the dwelling. So again in the cold and sleet and snow, they had to house themselves in the wagon-box.

It was not long, however, before they were really settled in the new home, and on April 1, 1851, Sister Grace gave birth to a frail baby girl who was christened Harriet Ann, and soon was called by the name of Etta. She was the first white girl born in Nephi, though a boy baby had shortly preceded her.

Brother and Sister Grace had a hard time keeping the baby alive, but though never strong, Harriet Ann succeeded in growing to a fairly normal pioneer girlhood. Well does she remember the

adobe cottage with its one room, and the many interesting activities that went on there. Soap-making, candle-moulding, pork-quartering, casing being filled with wholesome home-made sausage, the milk that was milked into a great brass coffee-pot, being strained and carried out to the cellar that looked like a chicken coop to Etta when she was very small—wild currants being preserved with molasses—gay gatherings of the older boys and girls, with speaking of pieces, jests, dancing and refreshments. Yes, one room was enough for all that besides the eating and sleeping, and washing and ironing and spinning and weaving.

One of the vivid memories of Sister Pyper's childhood is of a time when her mother went to Salt Lake with her father, leaving Etta, three, in the charge of her older sister, who was still a child herself. Big sister was under instructions to keep the white bread which was always a luxury in those days, out of reach, and to eat the usual every-day ration of corn-bread. Harriet, though, was sick and tired of corn-bread, and was determined to have the white. Big sister, wishing to be faithful to her duties as she saw them, told Harriet it was a case of corn-bread or nothing at all. Etta, with a determined little mind of her own chose nothing at all. It was a long way to Salt Lake in those days, when one traveled with team and wagon, but of course father and mother did get back eventually, and Etta still remembers her mother cutting slice after slice of luxurious white bread for her, and spreading it thick with butter and treacle.

Yes, her mother was a good cook. She could concoct something savory even when raw materials were very sparse. Those lovely pies made of native currants, for instance, that Etta helped to pick. How long it took to get enough of them, but how delicious those pies, coming out of the oven, steaming hot; and of course if mother was willing to make the pies, Etta must be cheerful about picking the currants.

There were those tasty vinegar pies also, made long before lemons were seen in the valley. And custard pies! How proud Etta had been of that custard pie that her mama had given her to carry to the party in the school-house. There were no shoes for the little girl just then, but at least she did not have to go bare-foot; she went in her "stocking-feet." After a while she grew tired and she began to wonder about the refreshments. What had become of her custard pie? Where had they put it? She looked all around the tables where the food was laid out, but mother's pie was not in sight. Then she peeped at the table that was spread on the stage for the musicians. Choice bits were always placed before them as a token of appreciation for their labors. And there, sure enough, was her custard pie ornamenting the center of the table.

One memory that colors the background of all Sister Pyper's childhood recollections is the fear that was constantly felt of the

Indians. The Nephi colonists were troubled from the beginning by the Red Men. The first group of houses was constructed as a fort, each building facing inside the square, the windows scarcely more than peep-holes and built much as in the castles of old. A mud wall, very thick and eight or more feet in height surrounded the fort at some distance. It seemed to little Etta that about four square blocks were enclosed by this fortification. There were in it only two openings, these being situated on opposite sides of the wall. They were big, heavy gates of timber which were guarded night and day. In the years sixty-five, sixty-six and sixty-seven, the Indians were particularly dreaded. Black Hawk was the worst leader, molesting the people of all the southern settlements. Much of the time, the people were prisoners within the mud-wall enclosure. They were warned against ever getting farther away from the fort than two blocks. As it turned out, the great danger was not to those in settlements, but to lonely prairies. Off in Nephi Canyon, for instance, people were killed by the Indians, but open attacks were not made on the fort, though there was always the fear of one being under way. Every able-bodied man in Nephi was trained for service, and sentinels watched the gates and walls every hour of the day and night.

One night when all the inhabitants were ordered under cover of darkness, a woman who was ill and suffering from a bad stomach, got up, lighted her lamp, made a fire and brewed herself a cup of tea. She explained the next day that if she was going to die anyway, she might as well have a few comfortable moments first.

Another woman, driven to the point of desperation by a colicky baby, got up and went out-doors with it, walking for several hours, outside the fort. The next day, an Indian woman who was friendly with the settlers told this mother that she had trailed her all the way to protect her, as Indians were lurking around that night. Sister Pyper herself recalls that she and other children sometimes got outside the enclosure by swimming down the creek when full of water, or creeping down its bed, under the wall, when there was no water.

School days, in the early period of the history of Nephi, were rather picturesque. The first school of all was held in the little one-room adobe house of Sister Bailey! Later the children went to school to a Brother Midgley who loved to expatiate on the glories of Jackson county in the latter days. He would say, "The streets of Jackson county will be paved with pure gold, and some of the sheets will be as large as your spelling books."

There was a third school-master who had difficulty with discipline, and thought out some rather unique methods of punishment. In the Spring or Fall when the children came to school bare-footed, he would stand two culprits up in front of the class,

with their great toes tied together. Sometimes when his back was turned, he would hear a disturbance and turn quickly around, but not quickly enough to catch the guilty ones. It was of no use to ask who made the noise. No one would confess to it. Angrily he would pick up the broom from its corner and strike each boy in the room over the head with it. "Now I got the right one," he would exclaim with satisfaction.

Although the Grace family endured the hardships of the frontier in those early days, they never suffered from actual hunger, nor from want of clothing. Sister Grace had been saving up clothes for years before leaving for Zion, so that she always had something on hand to make over for every necessity. Brother Grace was a good provider. His training as a shipbuilder stood him in hand in the growing colony. He could adapt his skill to anything in the line of carpentry, and so was constantly in demand. Money was a scarce commodity, but food was welcome pay enough.

The first year the family had no flour except corn-meal, but after that period there was never a time when Sister Grace did not have white flour in the house, and that was an achievement that none but a right smart family could boast of in those days. For that was when people depended for their living on what they raised themselves. Their own wheat for flour, their own cane for molasses, and their own garden truck. There was little opportunity for idleness to prove the Devil's workshop in those days. Mere weeding alone was an endless part of the Summer's work. Even today, the city-bred person can scarcely comprehend how much of a farmer's strength, time, patience, and money go into keeping the garden and fields weeded.

One day Etta was engaged with this very task. She was still a frail child and her mother felt a good deal of anxiety about her, bending and pulling for long hours in the hot sun. A young girl had been hired to come and spin that day but Sister Grace asked her to go out and help Etta, saying that she would give her the same money for pulling weeds as for spinning. As they worked on in the heat Etta sighed, "Oh dear, if it hadn't been for Adam, we wouldn't have to pull all these weeds."

"Why?" asked her companion, surprised.

"Because Adam sinned and cursed the earth with weeds, and now see how we have to work."

Another of the tedious all-day tasks was stripping cane. The children would hold a stout stick in both hands, and knock off all the leaves from each successive plant, leaving the stalks naked of foliage, ready to be cut down by the men who came along with their sickles. All the cane was then loaded and hauled to the mill. Those were honest days and the Saints felt no anxiety about receiving the full quantity of molasses that their cane yielded.

Early the girls of that period learned to spin and weave and

sew, to milk cows and to churn. Sister Grace, being a tailoress, was a good teacher for her girls, and was able to make suits for her husband and son that anyone might have envied. She made the suits of jeans cloth. This of course was homespun, and was heavier than ordinary fabric for men's clothes.

Of scraps of this same material, Sister Grace made shoes for her family. Of course, the children went barefoot, when the weather permitted; but in Fall and Winter they needed shoes. So mother cut the jeans cloth to fit the feet of her various children, and then carried them to the shoemaker, who provided soles and toe-caps. The family were very proud of their foot-wear in blue, gray or brown. Perhaps it even matched the suit or dress.

As the years passed, the little settlement of Nephi grew into quite a town. People left the fort and houses began to appear in all directions. The fruit-trees that had been planted were bearing, and dried apples, plums, peaches, and pears could be added to the Winter menu. After a while there came such luxuries as plum preserves made with real white sugar. Different industries were established, one of the first being a nail-mill, with Brother Grace as one of the prime promoters.

Brother Grace built a big four-room abode house on Main Street, and in the middle of one cold Winter, the family's possessions were loaded upon a sleigh, that was drawn proudly by oxen through the principal thoroughfare of Nephi.

Young people liked being in crowds then as much as today. Merry parties of all kinds were enjoyed, community gatherings, corn-shuckings, quilting bees, potato-planting parties, dances, hay-rack and sleighing evenings. Often enough a group of young folks could be seen, strung all the way across the sidewalk, hand in hand, going off to some merry-making. "Petting" was not altogether unknown, and when one of Sister Grace's daughters reported to mother that a certain young man had put his arms around the waist of another daughter, Sister Grace had a little talk with the young man and asked him if he would please tell her confidentially if he saw anyone putting his arms around her girl.

Alexander Pyper was the young man lucky enough to win the consent of Harriet Ann. About the time they were engaged, Sister Grace had put the washing out on the fence, when a fierce wind came up suddenly and blew the clothes helter-skelter in all directions. Alexander was the hero who came on the scene in the nick of time and gathered up the clothes, from everywhere. "Why, what a nice young man," said Sister Grace. "You shall have one of my daughters for this."

The two young people journeyed to Salt Lake and were married in the Endowment House in 1872. In the course of a few years, Sister Pyper had given birth to three fine baby boys. They had been very happy years, but all at once, trouble appeared

on the horizon, and loomed bigger and bigger. Brother Pyper was up in the mountains logging when suddenly a strange, brooding feeling came over him. He tried to shake it off, but without success. So convinced was he that it was a premonition of evil, that he tramped all the weary miles to his home. To his wife, his coming was the answer to a prayer. The baby was very ill from blood-poison, and while its life could not be saved, at least the two parents were together to sustain each other in this terrible trial. Within two weeks the parents were bereft of both of their other children.

A year later another baby was welcome to their home, a girl this time and later another boy, who only lived to be twelve. Altogether this little Pioneer woman who had never been strong, bore nine children, five of whom, four girls and one boy grew up. A year after the twelve-year old boy died, the father, too, was long bed-ridden with cancer, before dying and leaving his widow with five young children to support and care for.

For some years the family lived in Nephi, Sister Pyper boarding the school teachers, and others who had no homes. Then they moved to Salt Lake, where she continued with a boarding-house until her health broke.

By this time the children were able to care for themselves and help the good mother who had had their interest so much at heart. Sister Pyper makes her home from time to time with different ones of her four daughters and one son, Mrs. Marietta Jenkins, Mrs. Alda Pexton, Mrs. Kate Wooley, Mrs. Lavelle Wallace, and Allan G. Pyper. She has the satisfaction of seeing her children living right, taking their part bravely in life, and she herself is welcomed wherever she goes with her sweet and valiant spirit.

Love the Lord

By Weston N. Nordgran

Love the Lord, my younger brother,
Value high, His Holy Word.
Never speak unkind to others—
Do not get your anger stirred.

Love the Lord, and do His bidding,
Though you miss the earthly gain;
Preach and teach, and go on living,
That the Gospel plan may reign!

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EDITORIAL

The Nephi Celebration

Last fall the City of Nephi celebrated the 75th anniversary of its founding. There were on the stand during their several meetings a rather large group of people whose lives had practically spanned the history of the little settlement, now the county seat of Juab county. The governor in his address rightly took account of the mineral wealth, the wheat and the sheep. All that he said of the thrift and prosperity of the town and county was doubtless true, yet many of us appreciate above all else the people who have resided and are still residing there.

We are including in this issue sketches of pioneer women of Nephi, among them the story of the first white baby girl born there, who is at present a resident of Salt Lake City. Those women worked from dawn to setting sun, and that which they wrought in connection with their husbands is a monument to their industry and courage. They bore children in habitations that afforded slight protection from the rage of the elements; they bore them in terror during the Walker Indian War. Nevertheless, they

trusted in their Father in heaven, who filled them with his spirit, making joyous and complete their lives somewhat barren in material gifts, but rich in the blessings of their Lord and Savior. Their testimonies of love for God and faith in him come ringing down to us in notes of certainty that will never fail to guide Heaven bless their sacred memories. They are among the noble of the earth, and will doubtless be among those who will be richly rewarded in our Father's kingdom.

Mrs. Lyman Invited to Geneva

One of the supreme beauty spots of the world is Geneva, Switzerland. This beauty is materially heightened during the months of May and June, and so a good many important congresses find it convenient to meet in Switzerland, not alone because it is a pleasant place to be, but also because it is regarded as neutral ground.

The International Council of Women called a session of the Executives and Standing Committees of that organization to be held in Geneva, Switzerland, from June 7 to 17. Dr. Valera H. Parker, finding it impossible, in the face of her many exacting duties to be present, wrote asking Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, the Recording Secretary of the Council, to go in her stead.

Although Mrs. Lyman could not leave at the present time, a thing that is in a measure regrettable, nevertheless we feel keenly the honor that has been extended to her personally, to the Relief Society, whose representative she has been at the Council meetings for many years, to the women of Utah in general and to "Mormon" women in particular.

The invitation is indicative of the fulfilment of a hope and deep felt desire that as the world advances its progress will be augmented by the fact that women of all nations, creeds and color are coming to a deeper understanding of one another and finding that all good and true women as well as all good and true people are banded together for the accomplishment of one end, and that end is the making of a better world.

Mrs. Hart Goes to Canada

A luncheon was given to Mrs. Lalene H. Hart at the Marian-Lois Lunch Rooms, on East First South, prior to her departure for Canada. The table decorations were especially beautiful, con-

sisting as they did of a large basket of blue and pink flowers that shed brightness and color in all directions.

After the luncheon the Board Members retired to the parlors above the dining room where they took turns in reading tributes to Mrs. Hart. At the close of the program President Clarissa Smith Williams presented a gift to Mrs. Hart on behalf of the Board. The afternoon was enjoyable in every particular and gave all members an opportunity to express to Mrs. Hart appreciation for her valued labors. "We shall miss her greatly and feel the need of her services many times," said President Williams, in the course of her remarks, "yet we know that in the new field to which she is called she will be very helpful." Those who listened to Mrs. Hart's address at the conference realize that she has the spirit of her calling. She goes with the best wishes of the Board with which she is intimately connected and with the good will and faith and prayers of all Relief Society workers, we are assured.

Much credit is due to the committee, consisting of Mrs. Louise Y. Robinson, Mrs. Cora L. Bennion and Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine, that had the luncheon in charge.

Prizes for a Short Play

The *Improvement Era* offers a prize of \$40 for the best one-act play. The decision of the judges will be final.

The subject may center around:

1. Any gospel theme, or pioneer experience;
2. The M. I. A. work;
3. Outdoor subjects—Fathers and Sons' Outing, Scouting, etc.

The offer is open to all. Manuscripts must be in the hands of the editor of the *Improvement Era* on or before the first day of October, 1927. The play should be unsigned and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the author and the title of the play. The range of the subjects may be as broad as the work of the M. I. A. organization; it need not be confined to the foregoing suggestions, but the theme should be consistent with and relevant to M. I. A. standards and work.

The play winning the prize is to become the property of the *Improvement Era*. All other manuscripts will be returned or arrangements made for their purchase.

The *Era* printed the "Unequal Yoke" in 1925. See this number for "The Rescue," the winner in 1926. What will be the title and who the winner in 1927?

The 24th of July, 56 Years Ago

By Ellen L. Jakeman

The citizens of a small "Mormon" settlement in Utah were preparing to celebrate the twenty-fourth of July just as it should be done, and for two weeks the town had been enveloped in a warm glow of suppressed excitement and joyous anticipation.

At last, the morning of Pioneer Day arrived and the dawn came full of gladness over the Wasatch hills to greet our country's flag hoisted by men who bared their heads in reverence; and the sun seemed to spread his glory in response to the day-break salvo of twenty-four guns.

Two bands paraded the streets in horse-drawn farm wagons dispensing music—the brass band, with gusty blair of lutes and horns, and deep soul-searching throbs of drums. The string band followed with sweeter music, perhaps thin and wistful in the clear air, but no better appreciated than the sonorous brass.

Even those born to the sight of the endless stretches of our gray-green sage flats and beetling crags of the rugged hills were so starved for light and color and a concord of sweet sounds, that the scanty display of rather limp bunting, the waving of flags and the semi-uniforms of the bands, pouring out their patriotic and martial strains, reached and tingled the delighted, youthful population, till their nerves thrilled with exquisite pleasure.

These were followed by a wagon load of small boys equipped with tin pans and willow whistles, (a clown band) appropriately crowned with fools' caps and paper. Just in the wake of the legitimate bands and wherever they paused, at the residence of a sufficiently prominent citizen or a good cook, the clown band followed; and as soon as their predecessors had finished, the boys with great enthusiasm beat their tins and whistled deafeningly.

There being no place of public entertainment in the town, arrangements had been made for the legitimate bands to breakfast at private homes, and all along the route hospitable women regaled them with sandwiches, doughnuts, beer and cake, all home-made, and the tin band came in for a full share of feasting and appreciation.

The citizens poured out of their homes in gala-day attire, leaving their houses wide open behind them, so far as locks and bars were concerned.

The grand parade for which so much preparation had been made, both publicly and secretly, was formed about ten o'clock on the principal street.

CELEBRATING THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF JULY 341

- First. A representation of the Pioneers as they journeyed across the plains. Travel-stained wagons, ox teams driven by slat-bonneted women, stern-faced men walking with guns across their arms, children sticking their heads out of holes in the dilapidated weather-rotted covers. Black camp-kettles and other fire-marked cooking utensils, and bales of sage brush for the camp fire, hung under these wagons, bobbing drearily as the oxen swung and plodded along.
- Second. Next in line of march and history were good horse teams driven by stalwart men, still with guns in evidence, but the hay racks on their wagons were fairly smothered with the products of the country so lately a wilderness. Sheaves of grain, a variety of vegetables, boughs laden with fruit, mostly wild; and where the varieties were not in season, they had been more or less cleverly imitated.
- Third. The Ecclesiastical Authorities in the only carriage the town afforded. Men selected for their probity, vision and wisdom; whose devotion to God and their fellow men had been tried and found true. Men who, guns in hand, had walked every step of the way across the trackless plains; and now when the frost of years was on their heads, still blessing these outcasts from civilization, with the faith, sweetness and wisdom garnered in the years of strenuous hardship. Loved and respected by every honest soul, friends and fathers of the people.
- Fourth. The Civil Authorities, every man of them with a small U. S. flag in his hat.
- Fifth. On horse back rode twenty-four young ladies in white, a bevy of beauty and the pick of the town; while a like number of young men in their newest homespun, well mounted, rode at the right of the young ladies, representing UTAH, and the honored day.
- Sixth. On a small, but highly ornate float, standing, rode the Goddess of Liberty; very appropriately placed, following Utah and not yet having overtaken her. She who posed on this float was a very tall woman artistically draped in sheets, and grasping for safety as well as dramatic effect, a firmly morticed flag staff, while over her head, adorned with long, bright curls, floated the glorious Stars and Stripes.
- Seventh. On a hayracked wagon made soft with new mown grass, and drawn by an especially reliable team, rode many little girls dressed in all colors of the rainbow, proclaiming by the lettering on their paper-gilt sashes, that they were the states of the Union. Not yet had Utah begun to blossom as the rose. True, there were a few spice pinks, sweet-peas and hair-bells growing among the potatoes and beans of necessity and those who owned them reaped a bounteous harvest on this day; nor were the garden blooms of wild

mustard scorned, when more desirable flowers gave out. A wreath of varied blooms, tied on a willow wand in compact mass encircled each proud and happy young head.

Eighth. The brass band, which discoursed thrilling sounds as they marched, to the utter bliss of the young and uncritical.

Ninth. In this commemorative parade were represented the arts, trades, and industries as apart from agriculture, etc. It took several wagons with cloth-covered platforms to display their wares, which were by no means either scant or crude. It was passing strange how many real artisans and highly skilled mechanics there were in this little, new, pioneer town. It will be remembered in the building of our beautiful Temple that, what every person needed, either for architectural, constructive or decorative work, was found among our own people. A building that in all ages will be famed for being perfect in every line.

Tenth. Another commodious hay rack, made soft with grass, and with ropes drawn from stake to stake to insure none of the occupants would leak out, in which were all the small fry not otherwise disposed of, rode grandly beneath a banner: "Utah's Best Crop."

Eleventh. The string band still going strong, doing all they could to swell the general hilarity, and make the "welkin ring."

Twelfth. A party of self-invited Indians who joined in the procession without having the least idea what it was about, and walked or rode as they listed; and occasionally when the bands were not playing they broke into a weird, monotonous tune, beating time on their ribs with their elbows,—"*Hum nuye, hum numye,*" which they half chanted and half grunted, with great satisfaction to themselves, at least.

Thirteenth. A surprise section of Antiques and Horribles, prepared in secret. Some of the living statuary very closely resembled prominent people of the town, and were greeted with great hilarity, even by those caricatured. On the front seat of this display, driving the mule team sat the most austere and dignified woman of the settlement, a Sister Bradley. She had refused absolutely to have anything to do with the parade, but would be at the bowery, she said, later. Everybody laughed to see her sitting there; and blacking her face and covering her long hair with a close fitting cap had not disguised her from prompt recognition. There was no mistaking the sharp features, the gaunt, bony figure, or her second best dress,—it was as well known as her rather remarkable face. Well! Well! Wonders would never cease.

Fourteenth. A whole mob of small boys, whose attendants tried in vain to keep in line of march, proudly waved a home-made banner which demanded that the town should pick from their

ranks the "Next President," but not stating president of what?

Fifteenth. The tin band, who had to be suppressed occasionally.

Sixteenth. Citizens in their own wagons, half-a-dozen of them, and a long decorous marching brigade of solid citizens on foot; and boys, and dogs, and what-not, brought up the rear.

Seventeenth. The Marshal of the day, resplendent in the uniform of the Utah Militia, black and orange. His wide-brimmed hat caught up on one side with a silver buckle, a bald eagle, holding in its clutch a magnificent plume, that, but for its black color, would have done credit to Henry of Navarre. His long sword and deep fringed scarlet sash were impressive. He rode up and down the line directing the route of the procession, and when not otherwise engaged, dashed gallantly its entire length, getting some fancy curvetting and dance steps out of his powerful and well trained horse. He was attended by two very small boys on diminutive donkeys, sashed with red strings, hats cocked up with rooster feathers, and carrying wooden swords so long they almost dragged the ground. This body guard was furnished by the antiques and horribles, and made themselves as near a nuisance as possible.

It has cost too much in time and energy to prepare the various features of the parade not to prolong it till the last drop of joy had been abstracted; so they went up one street and down another till the town had been pretty well covered. Passing a small prim house on the outskirts of the village a thing happened not down on the program. Out of the door came a whirlwind in skirts, and just as the antiques and horribles got opposite the gate, too late to cover, duck or flee, the driver saw the approach, attempted to get out of the wagon, but hampered by the skirts of the costume, fell out. Before he could struggle to his feet he was pounced upon by the feminine whirlwind, disrobed none too gently, soundly boxed on the paws and left in the middle of the street (and his fellow townsmen) in rather abbreviated underwear, and was at once recognized as the young son of Sister Bradley. No one had realized how very much they looked alike until this contretemps. Of course, everybody enjoyed the joke but the lad himself. He would have followed his mother into the house but she had locked the door and he disappeared around the corner of the wood-pile, and was seen no more that day,—not even at the party in the evening.

The procession finally reached the bowery and in an orderly manner went to pieces. It was delightful to get into the deep, cool, green shade of this hand-made grove, open on all sides and ten feet in the clear. Constructed against the meeting house, it turned that spacious room into a cool cave of a place, dim and

restful. The bowery was roomy. The earth had been leveled, sprinkled, rolled hard and spread with clean straw. The roof was upheld by quaking asp poles laid from crotch to crotch of the lower limbs of tree trunks, selected, trimmed up and set firmly in the earth to meet specifications. On this criss-cross of tough and slender poles, were piled leafy boughs, mostly cottonwood, in many tiers, till the desired depth was achieved.

Tables were made by laying boards on trestles extending down either side of the thirty-foot room; and acceptable seats were like the tables, only on lower trestles and of one board.

The clean boards of the table were quickly covered with newspapers, and energetic women very soon had the hampers, squaw-baskets, dishpans and other receptacles emptied of their loads of good things and the table was a cheering sight. The whole town dined together, except Sister Bradley and her son, who were sent for but declined to come. The feast was ample and excellent. The Bishop offered an impressive though simple "Grace Before Meat," and each full and grateful heart replied, "Amen."

Never were there fruits and vegetables of such fine flavor and quality as those grown from the virgin soil of Utah!

The children sat on the clean straw when table room gave out, and were waited upon by a bevy of young girls. The feast was prolonged and somewhat noisy, but there is a time for everything, and the noise itself was part of the hilarious aftermath of the splendid parade.

The Indians were the last to leave the festive board. It was not exactly compulsory, but a dishpan full of food was offered to them if they would go outside the bowery to eat it, and they accepted the suggestion.

Then the program was rendered.

First. Reading of the Declaration of Independence."

Second. Singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," by a wonderful voice trained by great masters in the old world, to finally lift its golden cadences in freedom's songs, among the hills and vales of Zion.

Third. Declamation of "The Last Speech of Chief Logan," an Indian, and a great American; as set forth in McGuffey's fifth reader, in use in the schools of that time.

Fourth. Comic Song: "Squaw-killer Harney's on the Road," happily now forgotten.

Fifth. A heart moving description of the journey and arrival of the first Pioneers into the valleys, preceded by a brief sketch of the incidents leading up to their exodus from the states.

Sixth. Congregational singing: "For the Strength of the Hills we Bless Thee."

Seventh. Followed by "Early Settlers" whose stories never should have been forgotten.

Eighth. Brass Band.

Ninth. Tin Band, quickly suppressed because it made the babies cry.

Tenth. Home-made jokes, local hits and border songs, interspersed by music by the bands.

The Bishop then made a few impromptu remarks, in appreciation of those who had labored to make the day so enjoyable, commending various features of the parade, banquet and program and said it was proper now to give the time to the "Sports and Games" which he understood were to follow the program and precede the dance.

Arapine, chief of the Indians present, sat just in front of the improvised speakers stand, listening intently; and perceiving that the assemblage was about to be dismissed, called an Indian boy to him and whispered in his ear, and the young Mercury sped away.

When the Bishop had finished, Arapine arose and asked if he might make a small talk in the few English words he knew.

A ripple of amused derision passed over the assembly, but was sternly repressed by the Bishop.

"Let me not hear one disrespectful word, nor see one smile of ridicule." He motioned the Indian to a place by his side, and laying his hand on the Chieftan's shoulder continued. "In this poor native's veins there flows the blood of Israel. Look at him from the tangled mass of gray hair to the buckskin moccasins! He has more claim on the promises made to the fathers than any of us. At best we have only a moiety of that royal blood, and many are but wild olive branches grafted on. Now we'll hear what he has to say. Come up and interpret where the Chief's English fails him," said the Bishop beckoning to a swarthy man, Marion Shelton, well known for his proficiency in Indian languages.

As interpreted his speech ran thus: though no doubt some fine points were lost, as well as some of its picturesque imagery for which the Indians are famous:

"Listen, white brothers, to the words of Manywaters, whose head is white with the frost and snow of bitter winters. We did not come here today to eat white bread and sweet things to make our stomachs ache, but to tell you that we are also the children of the Eagles."

The interpreter repeated what Arapine had said and looked at the Bishop, who stepped forward and said:

"He is telling us we are all of one blood, and I tell you that we are, and it is the blood of Israel."

The Indian continued:

"Manitou has hidden his face from his red children for many snows." He paused and a contortion of pain crossed over his

face. "White men have been the tomahawk of Manitou and the Indians have been slain and driven like dust in big wind." and his features were eloquent with despair.

"We brave! we kill, we rob, no use! Too many Mericats." (Americans.) "Indian not know Mericat from "Mormon." I took my warriors and went to kill small wagon company, (he help up five fingers,) that was going farther into the country, take more Indian land. They camp good place to kill. We creep up in brush. All ready when morning star should rise. White Chief no turn out cattle. Women and children walk in fear. Men stand close, talk low, look about, no see us!"

He glanced over the company indicating the Goddess of Liberty but shaking his head, he talked direct to the interpreter who translated:

"They all went into their wagons and pretty soon came out in white clothes something like the Goddess of Liberty, and sang a great song to Manitou; stood in a circle and lifted sad faces, and with one voice spoke mighty things to Him."

Then the Bishop interposed again.

"Brethren and sisters, what this Indian is telling you is true. That was a party of colonists, who, in disobedience of counsel, had gone out ahead of the main body of the company, to grab the best land, and well might they supplicate God in fear, for they had forfeited protection." Arapine with a note of approval of the Bishop's remarks resumed:

"We listened, not much understand; but we knew they talked to Manitou, and our stout hearts flowed like water. Then came the shadows of Redmen, our fathers, and formed into a guard above their heads; and each warrior held a drawn bow and arrow, and the arrows were aimed at us who skulked in the brush," and he drew back his arm as if drawing an arrow to the head.

"We wormed away as the snake travels. We met at our camp in the mountains. We knew we must no more kill 'Mormons.' We want to be friends and brothers. If my young men go wild and kill a beef when they are hungry, *don't shoot*. We will kill your enemies—" the interpreter paused and looked at the Bishop, who came hastily forward and again placed his hand on the shoulder of the old chief:

"No! No! You must not kill *anyone*. Manitou will take vengeance. We do not kill our enemies. You must not kill anyone! Mericat, 'Mormon,' nor Redmen! Arapine, do you understand?" he said sternly.

The Indian nodded several times but with rather a puzzled face. Had the interpreter repeat it twice and then said a little doubtfully: "All right."

His messenger had now returned with a large willow cage.

holding a young but full grown eagle. He took the cage and held it up for all to see.

"This bird we have taught the Indian language. We have told it over and over the story I have told you. We have promised it liberty if it will go to Manitou and tell him we will kill no more 'Mormons'—" Again the Bishop intervened.

"Tell Manitou you and your braves will kill no more people at all! No Mericats, no 'Mormons,' no Indians!"

"Not Navajo?" he naively inquired.

"Not any one," said the Bishop firmly.

It looked for a moment like Arapine might rebel. Then his black eyes of fierce refusal fell before the commanding, yet persuasive eloquence of the Bishop's benevolent blue orbs. The Indian's form dropped as if all the zest of spice had suddenly been abstracted from life, but he said:

"All right," repeating the words of the Bishop to the eagle as the interpreter translated it; and continued his remarks.

"If this eagle goes straight up, we will know that he has gone to Manitou to tell him all our hearts and has kept faith with us; but if he circles round and goes to his wife and children in the rocks of the mountains, he has bought his freedom with a lie."

The Chief took the cage and walked outside of the bowery, and resting it on a wagon wheel in full view of the people, opened wide the cage.

The eagle looked about him with a dauntless eyes, with no motion of fear or even of eagerness, he stepped outside of the cage, spread his broad wings, and mounted into the clear atmosphere. One wide slow circle he took toward the mountains, but with a winding and recurvate flight came back till he was directly over the bowery. Watched with breathless eagerness by all, both red and white, he mounted in ever lessening circles into the celestial blue of the skies. When the last speck had vanished a mighty shout went up from the Indians, and some of the whites, carried away by the tense drama of the scene shouted with them.

Again the Bishop had a word to say:

"This thing not on the program is the greatest event that has happened today. These Indians have had a vision. The Spirit of God has visited them, to the saving of life and the beginning of their redemption. They have accepted us as blood brothers, which we are, all being of the house of Israel. This is the most potent treaty that could be made with the Indians. It will spread to all the tribes. The day of savage warfare with them is about over. You are taking part in a history making incident. Let no ridicule be made of their manner of approaching God. They will learn. From this time forth let no one among our people shed the blood of an Indian. Those who do it will suffer for it, and the nations and people who do it will not escape. I want you all to shake hands with these lowly relatives of ours who

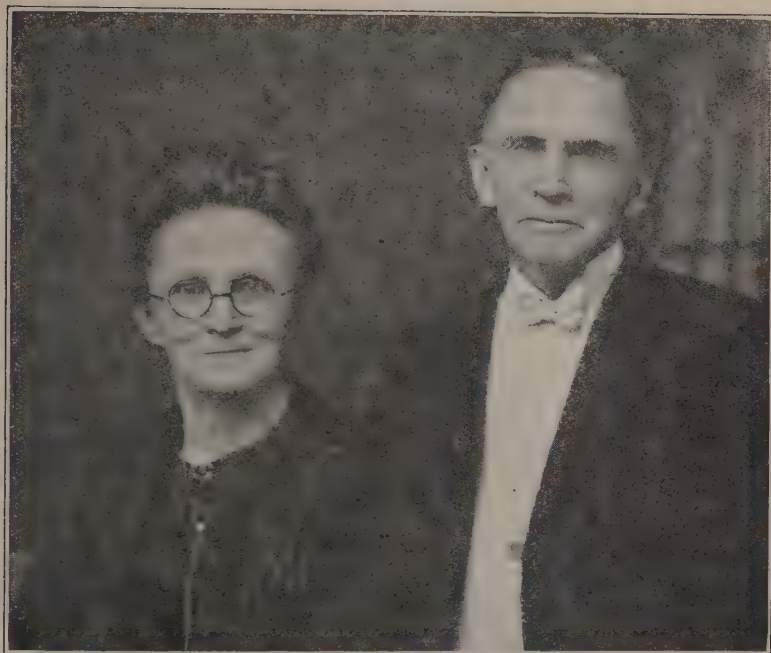
have come to proffer us their friendship. Do not repulse them, but come with me and shake them by the hand to ratify the covenant we have made with them, and remember it must not be broken." The Bishop went first, and the people followed him, and the Indians were delighted. They were asked to join in the athletic games that came later, and showed the white men some amazing feats of strength and dexterity.

Small children were tired and many of them asleep. Babies had cried a good deal, but nevertheless were made welcome. Mothers now began to gather their broods preparatory to trailing homeward so the meeting was decorously dismissed. Each family endeavored to collect their individual belongings, and return to their domiciles, for there were cows to be milked, chickens to feed and other homely duties to be performed.

At "early candle light" those who wished to dance reassembled and to the music of accordians and violins, danced the becoming old fashioned dances. Many a sweet romance had its beginning in those dim, rustic ballrooms. Dances closed promptly at midnight in those far off days, as there was much labor to be performed, and every individual in those primitive communities belonged to the "working class."

The villages were small enough that all were of one class, one family as it were, though of many nationalities. Every man was a friend and brother, every woman was a friend and sister. They each and all had just one motive in being there, one object to attain, one faith, one God. Has there ever been anything like it on the earth before? Will there ever be anything like it again?

Recently a prize was won by a young woman who wrote a play called "Chicago." This play has been one of the most successful plays presented in New York during the present season. One writer in telling of the achievement remarks, "and the author is a young woman of twenty-four years of age who does not smoke cigarettes or drink liquor, or as yet has not bobbed her hair."



SARAH ANDREWS BAILEY AND HER HUSBAND, LANGLEY A. BAILEY

Sarah Andrews Bailey

"It isn't the number of years you've lived;
That isn't what counts, you know;
It's the way you've lived and the good you've done
That makes us love you so."

In the pleasant little village of Packington, Leicestershire, England, lived William Andrews, his wife, Ann Wright Andrews, and their four children, two girls and two boys, when the gospel message came to them, which changed so entirely the course of their lives. This good couple, naturally susceptible to the truth, saw the light of the gospel at once, and accepted it, because all their lives they were honest and upright, with love in their hearts for God and their fellow men.

Sarah, their second daughter, the subject of this sketch, was born January 12, 1845, at Packington, Leicestershire, England. She was twelve years old when she and her older sister "Betsy" accepted the gospel, in September, 1857. To avoid persecution, the elders under cover of darkness, took them to Coloton, three miles from their home and baptized them. A mob gathered, however,

and boasted of what they would do, but no harm came to them other than they were forced to listen to the vile language of the mob. Later that evening they met at the home of one of the Saints and were confirmed. Here many powerful testimonies were borne, and a spiritual feast enjoyed that left its impression upon the lives of these two young women.

She received her elementary education while in England. At the age of six, her grandmother, who was a specialist in making wool goods, taught her to make thumbs for woolen mittens and tops to babies' bootees, using a flat hook which was very difficult to use. She often received scoldings for soiling them, as her



tiny hands often did. Being a member of the Baptist church, she was required to memorize numberless passages of scripture, receiving prizes for memorizing the greatest number.

In the Summer of 1860, this family left their old home and dear friends to gather with the Saints. Sarah was then a girl of fifteen years. It almost broke her heart to part from her dear friend and chum, Mary Granger. Being of a bright and sunny disposition, however, she looked on the bright side and sub-

merged her heartaches in comforting others. From Liverpool the family set sail in the sailing vessel, *William Tapscott*. They were six weeks on the ocean in an over-crowded ship. The mother and sister were ill the entire voyage, and the cooking and care of the invalids rested upon Sarah's young shoulders. Doing the cooking for the family on the ship was difficult as only one stove was used for the entire company. Her life was miraculously preserved while on deck. Hanging out the family washing, the ship rocked and swung her over the side of the vessel and as it launched back, she secured her footing and was saved from the watery grave.

The family landed in New York and took train to Winter-quarters. There they were met by Thomas Wright, an uncle, and crossed the plains in Brigham H. Young's ox team company, composed mostly of freighters. Sarah walked the entire way from Winterquarters to Nephi, driving calves and the extra oxen. They arrived in Nephi, September 16, 1860, tired, footsore and weary, with no home to go to. The home of their uncle was too small to accommodate them. The father, mother and small children slept in a wagon all winter, while Sarah's first night in Zion she slept in a corn crib. The next day she went to work and worked for six weeks for a pair of shoes which were too large for her. She was then dismissed by the woman because the man of the house thought she was indispensable to his happiness.

Father Andrews' family, after much effort, bought a one room adobe house with a dirt roof. There was practically no furniture. They slept on the floor and the fire-place and the bake skillet was their stove and cooking utensil, but it was "Home, Sweet Home" to them.

Later that season, Sarah met Langley A. Bailey at the home of her uncle, Thomas Wright. When asked for his first impression of Sarah, Langley said: "She certainly looked good to me the first time I saw her, and what's more, I've loved her more every day since. When she marched in the parade July 24, 1861, wearing a beautiful white dress she had brought from England, and a wreath of flowers on her curly head, I was completely won." They were married November 17, 1861, by the uncle at whose home they first met.

A new life was opening before them, full of care and responsibility, as pioneer life always is, but with stout, courageous hearts, they looked undaunted, full of faith in the future. They lived with Father and Mother Andrews for six years. When their first child was born, the roof of the house leaked and water dripped onto the bed where the mother and child lay. When this child was six months old, he died. From her only white dress, brought from England, she fashioned with her own hands its burial clothes. That fall their only cow died and the Indians

killed one of their oxen with a poison arrow. Through all these discouragements their faith remained firm.

When William, their second child, was two years old they traveled six days by ox team to Salt Lake City in extremely cold weather to get their blessings in the old Endowment House. This was in December, 1865. Their first home was a blue adobe house, located on the same lot where their present home now stands. Here their third child was born. When he was only a day old, Sarah's husband was called to guard the town from the Indians. Not returning that night, the young wife lay in suspense, not knowing whether her husband was scalped or not, as she could hear the yelps of the Red Men.

Sarah Andrews Bailey was the mother of twelve children of her own, and a wonderful mother she is! Her constant petition has been:

"Father, order all my footsteps;
So direct my daily way
That in following me, my children
May not ever go astray."

Is it any wonder that she added others to her flock that needed a real mother's care? One who was proud to call her mother was the late Bishop Thomas H. Blackburn of Brigham City. In a letter to her he said:

"Dear Mother: I want to say to you while you are here that my love for my mother is no greater than my love for you. It is true my mother brought me into this world, and did what she could for me, but at the time when I came into your home I lived there as one of your own boys. You were a great help to me by your loving kindness and anxiety over me, and helped to make a man of me. I cannot feel too grateful to you and Father Bailey for it, and I know my father and mother appreciate it; and you have been a mother to others; and they, too, will thank you for it and for all these acts of kindness on your part. You are entitled to the blessings of our heavenly Father and I know he will bless and preserve you and comfort you when you are cast down and discouraged, for he will be near you and that to bless you. Your loving boy, Thomas Blackburn."

She was willing to share all she possessed with others. She mothered a little German boy whom her son brought home when he returned from a mission as well as four other motherless children. Her husband and four sons filed foreign missions. When her husband was away on his mission, she, with the help of her sons, built a home they had planned together. She also cared for eight children during this time.

This busy mother was a member of the Relief Society from 1869. She was an active relief teacher for more than thirty-five years. She was also a member of the first Old Folks' Committee in Nephi and continued in active Church service until 1919, when she resigned on account of poor health. She has enter-

tained numerous Church authorities and missionaries in her home. Besides, she has fed and clothed the homeless, and many immigrants who came there.

Since her family were all grown, she spent two winters in California, also attending the World's Fair in San Francisco, and visiting her son while in training at Camp Lewis, Washington.

In November, 1926, she, with her husband and descendants, celebrated their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary. Sarah is the mother of twelve children, six sons and six daughters, seven of whom are still living. There are also forty grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Discouragements have come to her, but her great faith has prevailed, and prosperity has smiled upon her and brought many comforts of life. She clasped duty firmly by the hand and with love by her side she has marched bravely down through the years. Her friends are a legion and to her children she is a divine gift and they sing with the poet:

"God thought to give the sweetest thing
In his almighty power
To earth; and deeply pondering
What it should be—one hour
In fondest joy and love of heart
Out-weighing every other,
He moved the gates of Heaven apart,
And gave to earth—a mother!"

Life's Measure

By Bessie E. Redding

Give us more of true living—
Just loving and giving
Of comfort and cheer.

O, why all this fretting
And always forgetting
Our mission here?

Life is full to the measure
Of infinite pleasure
In service sincere.

Tabitha Matilda Norton

By her Granddaughter Minnie Wright Boyle

Grandma Norton was born in Jackson county, Ohio, January 29, 1837. She was the daughter of John and Christina Staker McDaniel and was the second child of a family of eight. When she was one year old her father's family was compelled to leave their home on account of their religion. They moved to Illinois and later went to Iowa and there prepared to come west. She was a pioneer of 1852, making most of the journey across the plains on foot. The family settled in Alpine, Utah. She lived in this little mountain village until she married William David Norton.

Her mother died when she was a small girl, but she cared for the family like a mother. The family included a little brother only nine days old. It is said that this child throughout all his life called her mother and often told her that no better mother ever lived. Thirteen children were born to her; eleven of these she reared and also one grandchild. Two small children and four grown daughters and three grown sons and her husband preceded her in death.

Grandma was an excellent weaver. In the early days she made straw hats for her family. These hats were made from meadow grass and pressed with a hot iron while damp. She spun, wove, and sewed by hand clothes for the entire family. She colored the cloth used for dresses with green sagebrush and the yellow blossoms of the rabbit brush. She also made full suits for her husband and the boys. These clothes were pressed with one flat iron, for at one time she owned the only iron in the settlement, and it was handed from one family to another, making the round about every two weeks.

Grandma and Grandpa moved to Willard, Boxelder county, and that is where my mother was born. From there they were called by President Brigham Young, with other Saints to settle Dixie. On the way to Dixie an incident full of human interest occurred. The children wished to take with them a cat, but because of the load and the confusion of the trip, Grandpa refused their request. The children seldom disobeyed him, as he was very strict, but their love for their pet overcame all fears, so they hid pussy in the wagon. In the evening after they had, as was their custom, made a circle of their wagons, in getting out of the wagon the necessary utensils to cook supper on the camp-fire, Grandpa discovered the cat. The thought that his children had disobeyed him made him very angry and he took kitty by

the tail and swinging it around and around, then let it go. It lit in the frying pan of one of his comrades who was frying salt bacon for supper. It jumped from the pan and no more was seen of it until the next evening when they camped for the night. In taking the necessary things from the wagon, pussy was discovered deep down in one corner with nine little kittens. Grandpa loved animals as well as children and felt sorry for his show of temper the night before. He tucked in the cat with the kittens and they journeyed to the south with the family, and Grandma often spoke of the pleasure the ten cats gave not only to her own children but the other children of the settlement.

After a year and a half in Dixie they started back for food and for safety. The Indians had stolen most of their cattle and much of their food and clothing. It was in the middle of winter, cold and dreary. On Christmas Eve they camped under some cedar trees and prepared to celebrate next day, (Christmas Day) as best they could. They received a wonderful Christmas present. A baby boy was born to them in a large army wagon, this being their fifth child. They rested three days and then journeyed on to Richfield, where they found food, clothing and friends. They moved to Gunnison and later to Nephi, where they lived for more than forty years.

When Grandma first moved to Nephi she lived in a dugout on the bank of the "Big Hollow," while Grandpa built a one-room house and a "lean-to." As the family increased he built on three more rooms. They lived in these rooms before they were entirely finished and one night in early spring while they were all in bed an awful wind storm came up and blew the roof off the house. While going into the other room to see if the children were all right, one of the walls caved in and almost buried Grandpa. Grandma arose, and holding a young baby in one arm, worked for more than an hour lifting adobes and rafters off Grandpa. He was hurt very badly and could not walk for months. It was at this time that a little girl was killed. Grandma was also badly hurt, being almost scalped, but did not realize it until long after neighbors arrived to help them out. They built another house on the same lot and it is still standing.

Another story of human interest, incident to the bringing up of a family is told of Grandpa. They had a large family and many of the neighbor children came to Grandma's to play. In their games they ran round and round the house, creating much confusion and disconcerting in a measure, Grandpa. He used to say, "Go it boots, shoes are cheap. Wear the ground out around the house and leave me and Ma up on a hill." My mother said that she had a mental picture of Grandma and Grandpa high up on a hill and all the children below climbing up the dirt steps to the house above.

Grandma and Grandpa lived together fifty-two years. She

always felt that she had been greatly blessed to live for so long a time with her helpmate. After Grandpa's death she gave up the old home and went to live with her children.

She died December 11, 1920. Her work was done. She was satisfied to go. She had perfect faith that she would be met and greeted by her husband and the boys and girls who had gone before.

Special Notice to Stake and Ward Officers

The General Board of Relief Society is in receipt of a letter from the General Board of the Primary Association which sets forth the fact that the Primary children having supplied the convalescent hospital with what is needed are now eager to do something to be helpful to others who need help. Consequently, they are asking that the Relief Society in all stakes and in all wards plan their work in such a way that these young people of the Seagull organization may assist in such sewing as they are capable of doing.

This suggestion coming from the Primary Association has the hearty approval of the General Board of the Relief Society. The notice by the Primary Association, which follows, will make clear what that organization has in mind.

SEAGULL GIRLS ANXIOUS TO HELP THOSE IN NEED

"Due to the fact that there is no present need for supplies for the Children's Convalescent Hospital, the Seagull girls of the Church have asked the privilege of co-operating with the Relief Societies for this Summer in doing some needed handwork, such as mending, darning, sewing or other such work which will be helpful to busy mothers. It is desired that the Seagull advisors confer with the Relief Society workers and that the task be assigned which will be considered best by the officers of both associations."

Respectfully,
General Board Primary Ass'ns.
By GENET B. DEE
Chairman Seagull Committee.

Sea Gulls

By Claire Stewart Boyer

There's a silver dream comes out of the West
From the shores of an inland sea,
And the men who know the story best
Have told the tale to me:

They are white-haired men of the yesteryears,
And their eyes with splendor shine
As they tell of their banded pioneers
And the bird that they hold divine.

These great, grim men of the storied past
In youth broke the virgin sod
Of a promised land that was given them
By the grace and the hand of God.

In faith they sowed the golden seed
That must make their future sure,
But the spirits God chooses must stand the test
That lesser souls can't endure.

So, over the mellowing fields there poured
A scourge like the scourges of old,
Multitudinous crickets, a vanquishing horde,
And the hearts of the toilers grew cold:

In frenzy they fought this great, ravaging foe,
Men, women, and children afield,
But their toil and their faith were fraught with new woe
For the hills greater legions revealed.

And, as if to condemn this new God-given land,
In fury they swarmed o'er the sod;
But faithful and pious the pioneer band
In fasting and prayers sought their God;

Then out of the West, from the lake's bosomed blue,
A great whirr of hastening light,
A bevy of silver-winged Sea Gulls flew
To the fields of the baneful plight.

A moment they hovered then dove from mid-air
And swallowed the darkening pest,
Magnificent answer to suppliant prayer
And a sign for these men of the West.

A symbol of faith hence, forever, to be
Sacred Sea Gull for all to revere.
And this is the tale from the inland sea,
The dream of the gaunt Pioneer.

Notes From the Field

By Amy Brown Lyman

European Mission.

French Mission Relief Societies. Following are excerpts from a letter from Mrs. Venus R. Rossiter, president of the Relief Societies of the French mission, who reports the introduction of the work into France. The French mission includes Belgium, Switzerland and France. "I am sure the General Board will be happy to know that the Relief Society has now been in-



RELIEF SOCIETY, LYONS, FRANCE

troduced into the French nation, and that two organizations are functioning each in the cities of Lyons and Besancon, France. To my best knowledge these are the first organizations that have been effected in France. Although missionaries had labored there before the Great War, there are no indications nor records showing that a Relief Society had been operating. It was at Lyons on November 3, 1926, that the first organization was made, with a membership of five. (The membership of the Society has now increased above that number.) At Besancon the association was organized January 18, 1927, with a membership of five. The members in both of these branches are of a very fine type. They are very enthusiastic over their work. At the present time they are busy preparing for bazaars which are expected to be held in the near future. The Relief Society work in our mission is progressing in a very pleasing way. The Societies in Belgium

and Switzerland which have been organized for many years have doubled their activity. Previous to the organization of the French mission, which has been effected since the War, the activities of the Relief Societies were considered a very unimportant feature of the mission. Belgium, at that time, was a conference of the Netherlands mission, and Switzerland was a part of the Swiss and German mission. The language of the above named missions being foreign to that of the French conferences, was largely responsible for the lack of interest taken in the activities of this mission. Since its organization as a unit of its own, functioning apart from any other mission, the work has progressed much more satisfactorily, thus permitting a development of many new phases of Relief Society work in the year 1926, as the report will show compared with the activities as accomplished in 1925."

Norwegian Mission Relief Societies. The Relief Societies of the various branches in the Norwegian mission celebrated the organization of the Relief Society, March 17, 1842, with socials held in their respective meeting places. In Oslo branch, lantern slides of Utah scenery were shown, and needlework articles, etc., sold. President Mina Christiansen spoke of the Society's organization. Mission President Martin Christophersen told of his personal acquaintance with many of the leading sisters of the organization in Utah, of the great good they have done, he said he knew they were directed by the Spirit of God, because of the success they were having. A social was held in the Drammen branch. President Marie Anthonsen spoke of the Society's purpose. A good program was rendered, and a poem composed by the presiding Elder Marius A. J. Hall, was read. Remarks were then made by him, and refreshments were served. There were sixty-two present. President Cecilie Nielsen took charge of the Arendal branch, and stated the purpose of the organization. Presiding Elder John T. B. Johnsen then spoke. A program was rendered and refreshments served. There were fifteen present. In Fredrikshald branch a social was held in the home of Brother Jens Johansen, President Anna Johansen in charge. Branch President Gustav Andersen spoke and also Sister Johansen. A program was rendered and refreshments served and a few games played. President Anna Rindal had charge in Frondhjem branch. A very splendid program was presented and Conference President Harold Eriksen spoke of the great work that these Societies are doing. Remarks were made by Sisters Marie Voldseth, Marit Ingdal and Lagerta Christiansen, and Brother John Oien told of the difficulties the Society first had when organized at Trondhjem, but now they are prosperous. Refreshments were served. In Narvik branch (the most northern branch of the Church) a social was held, President Aslaug Sorensen in charge. Elder Elias J. Ellefsen spoke on the first Society's organization in 1842,

and of the good work they had been able to perform. At the same time they celebrated the day of the reorganization of the branch, March 14, 1922, five years ago. The branch president, Emil Evensen gave a report of the work that has been performed during these five years, and following is some of the results: There have been held 401 meetings, ten persons have been baptized, nine children blessed, and ten ordinations to the priesthood. Brother Alfred Sorensen also spoke, and refreshments were served. There was a very good attendance. President Sina Gundersen had charge in Bergen branch. A report of the work of the Society for last year was given by First Counselor Astrid Berentsen. A very good program was rendered, and refreshments were served. The presiding elder, Ole Andersen, spoke of the organization of the Society in Nauvoo, 1842, with eighteen members, and he urged the sisters to be faithful in their good work. Fifty-seven sisters were present. In Stavanger branch a social was held, President Hanna Thorgersen in charge. A very good program was rendered, and a poem composed by brother Martin Halvorsen was read by himself. Elder William Bjorndal made some remarks and Branch President Hilmer Bjorndal spoke concerning the organization of the Society. Refreshments were served and the table was prettily decorated with flags and flowers. There was a very good attendance. Two ladies not belonging to the Church asked to be made members of the Society. In Haugesund branch they held a bazaar, President Otilie Haugen in charge. A good program was rendered. Sisters Nicoline Petersen and Haugen made remarks concerning the organization of the Society. There were twenty-two present.

Jaurez Stake.

The Dublin and Jaurez ward Relief Societies have made arrangements for maternity beds, where women from the mountain districts may come for care. The Jaurez stake last year offered a prize of a lovely book for 100% attendance at regular Relief Society meetings. The honor went to Dublin ward. Dublin ward has a very excellent choir, which furnishes singing once per month in the sacrament meetings.

Grant Stake.

The 17th of March anniversary was fittingly observed in the Grant stake tabernacle. A cantata, "The Opened Door," written by Mrs. Lucy May Green Mortenson and Mrs. Ida Horne White was given under the able direction of Mrs. White. The prologue, descriptive of the condition existing in the world for woman before the organization of the Relief Society by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and her achievements since that day, was written and read by Mrs. Louise Y. Robinson. The Cantata was

followed by a pageant written by Mrs. Edith Ivins Lamoreaux, portraying the many opportunities for women, particularly in our Church. During the rendition an ovation was paid Mrs. Ida H. White for her years of faithful service in Relief Society work, a large basket of flowers being presented to her by the Relief Society stake board.

Liberty Stake (September, 1926 plans).

Liberty stake Relief Societies used the month of September as an introduction to the year's work. The first Tuesday was devoted to a teachers' convention, the second Tuesday to a business meeting. On the third Tuesday opening socials were held in all the wards, and on the fourth Tuesday the October theology lesson was given to avoid a conflict with the October conference which comes the first week in October and which all Relief Society women in the city desire to attend.

Special effort was made through the social to interest every woman in the ward, first by extensive advertising with notices, handbills, written invitations and personal visits; secondly, by sociability at the entertainment with hearty greetings, names pinned on each guest, room attractively arranged, mixed up games and dances, community singing, gift giving and refreshments.

Following is one of the plans submitted in union meeting, in the presidents' department: *Increased Attendance*—"Every woman a member—or know the reason WHY." *How to Secure*—Get a list of non-members and delinquent members; give these names to enlisting and receiving committee; when soliciting attendance, call attention to provisions for taking care of children at meetings; advertise the meetings by: visiting teachers and members, special attractions, notices, cards, etc. *The New Member's First Visit*—Arrange to have someone call for her; give her a hearty welcome; explain rules for admission; invite her to come next time make her leave-taking cordial. *Converting the New-comers*—Conduct meeting with dispatch; have class teachers well prepared; make lessons inspiring; give her something to do.

Sevier Stake.

The Sevier stake Relief Society engineered a very unusually interesting evening in commemoration of the 85th anniversary of the organization, on the evening of the 17th of March, beginning with an excellent program at the High School Auditorium, each of the wards in the stake furnishing a high class number. After the program everyone took advantage of the free dance at the Anona, where many were costumed to represent pioneers, and both old and new dances were indulged in. The stake is blessed with a free clinic which operates for mothers and pre-school children the first Thursday in each month. Many mothers and children have been examined and given first aid where needed,

also advice as to what to do to regain normal health, and to retain good health.

North Davis Stake.

The North Davis stake recently held a stake teachers' convention, with 200 present, some of the women coming fifteen miles in a snow storm to attend. All the wards of the stake celebrated the anniversary of the organization on March 17. The bishops of the wards have come to feel that this day answers for a ward celebration and reunion. Everyone in the ward, including children, count on it from year to year. Three of the wards served dinner to between six and seven hundred people, ending with a ball at night. Non-"Mormons" count it as the one day of the year they enjoy.

Beaver Stake.

Health conferences have recently been held in various parts of the stake, and hundreds of children examined. The follow-up work is now being attended to. The 17th of March was celebrated with appropriate programs throughout the stake. The Beaver East and West ward Societies joined in their activities on that day. Two special features of the afternoon's program, a monologue entitled "A New Lease on Life," and a one act play, "Joint Owners in Pain," added much to the pleasure of the occasion. The committee in charge awarded prizes to various persons present as follows: Oldest lady, youngest mother, member of Relief Society longest, mother of largest family, mother of triplets, and much merriment was caused when the gentleman present with the longest feet was also given a prize. A ball was given in the evening in the Opera House, and because of the large attendance, these two Societies netted a nice sum of money.

Central States Mission (Rio Grande Relief Society).

On February 13 of this year the Rio Grande Relief Society was organized at Donna, Texas, where the branch conference was held, by President and Mrs. S. O. Bennion. The women are delighted with this blessing which has come to them, which is proved by their interest and activity. The officers are: president, Mrs. Ellen H. Jolley; counselors, Mrs. Florence Lindsey and Mrs. Jessie G. Ghormley; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Inez L. Smith; chorister, Mrs. Pearl C. Dewey. A business session was held immediately to determine ways and means of raising funds for books, etc., and a week later at a plate luncheon; \$9.75 was cleared. When the Society was one month old the following had been accomplished: Four business meetings held, one social, Theology and Testimony meeting, five subscriptions to the *Relief Society Magazine* secured, one quilt pieced, record and six teachers' books

ordered and paid for, and \$14.75 balance in the treasury. There are twelve members enrolled in the Society.

Carbon Stake (Summer Program, 1927).

July, First Week: Theology (Discussion of choice bible stories, testimony); *Second Week:* Special Theme—Patriotism, Work and Business; *Third Week:* Literature, (Discussion of Utah Writers); *Fourth Week:* Social Service (Health Work). *August, First Week:* Theology, (Bible stories continued, testimony); *Second Week:* Special Theme—Parenthood, Work and Business; *Third Week:* Literature (Local Writers—prize offered for best composition among local writers); *Fourth Week:* Social Service (Health Work); *Fifth Week:* Summer Party. *September, First Week:* Theology (The Pearl of Great Price—what it contains and its history, testimony); *Second Week:* Work and Business; *Third Week:* Literature (Local Writers continued—awarding of prize for best local production); *Fourth Week:* Social Service (Health work).

Suggestive Program for ward conferences:

1. Sustaining of Relief Society officers, (a) General officers sustained as a group without mentioning names. (b) Stake officers sustained as a group without mentioning names. (c) Ward officers, visiting teachers and class leaders sustained in groups, naming individuals, (5 minutes).

2. Report of ward activities by ward president, (10 minutes).

3. Items from annual report by ward secretary, including comparisons with last year's report, or items from ward Relief Society history, (10 minutes).

4. Music (5 minutes).

5. Are we doing our part to help finance the charity work? Stake Board member, (10 minutes).

6. Two minute talk on the life of a favorite author studied in the past year in literature lessons, and reading from same, by ward Relief Society member, (5 minutes).

7. A Social Service lesson and its application, by Social Service class leader, (10 minutes).

8. How we may apply the Ten Commandments to our daily lives, Stake Board member, (10 minutes).

9. Closing exercises.

Notice—Wheat Interest

This year's rate of interest on Relief Society Wheat Funds on deposit with the Presiding Bishop has been fixed by the First Presidency at 6% which is an increase of 1% over the rate of last year. Checks for interest will be mailed from the Presiding Bishops office July 1st.

Grandmother's Day

Estelle Webb Thomas

Before the gorgeous flags of Dawn unfurled
Against the eastern skies,
Upon her narrow, dear, familiar world
She opened eager eyes.

As humming low some old and quaint refrain,
She dressed by candle-light,
With practiced skill she bent her busy brain
To plan her day aright.

So many, many things to fill the day—
So much that *must* be done!
And like a gallant Captain in the fray
She girt her armor on.

The blue smoke sped to greet the morning star,
The cock his matin shrilled,
The silent homestead, suddenly astir,
With morning sounds was filled.

And when at last her radiant face she turned
To greet the rising sun,
The foaming milk was strained—the butter churned,
Her day was well begun.

And soon the rosy children, at her call,
Each smiling, took his place,
And graced the great old table in the hall
With shining morning face.

Her good man sat there beaming at the head,
Expectant as the rest,
And when the long and heart-felt grace was said
He bade her do her best!

With golden buckwheat cakes, all steaming hot,
She filled each waiting plate,
And o'er them poised the maple syrup pot—
What nectar this they ate!

They never stopped to count their calories —
They did not know the word,
And malnutrition was a malady
Of which they'd never heard!

Indeed, I fear they well deserved the term
Of "Ignorance is bliss!"
For Grandmamma, without a thought of germs,
Bestowed a hearty kiss

Upon the rosy lips of every child,
Before her brood dispersed:
Nor specter of bacteria, grim and wild,
Her tender conscience cursed!

The dishes washed, she hung the towels to dry,
And swept with careful haste;
Stirred up a cake and baked an apple pie,
Just paused her roast to baste.

Before, in her unsanitary way,
She stirred each feather tick,
And spread the quilts of patchwork, quaint and gay,
With movements deft and quick.

She did her bit of weaving in a trice,
She spun a skein or so,
She made the rounds of barnyard once or twice,
And turned a stocking toe.

So on, throughout the day, with cheerful heart
And energy and vim,
She did what she conceived to be her part,
And left the rest to him

On whom, with faith implicit, she relied,
And placed her childlike trust,
Nor doubted in His House she should abide
When dust returned to dust.

And when the busy day at last was done,
The prayers devoutly said,
The children washed, and "tucked in," every one,
Her weary spouse a-bed,

She knelt an instant in the friendly dark,
Her thoughts unvoiced and deep,
Then, whole-souled in her rest as in her work,
Sank dreamlessly to sleep.

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in September)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR SEPTEMBER—CIVIC PRIDE

Fall Cleaning and Planting

- I. Attention to yards, gardens and sidewalks. During Fall and early Winter months yards, gardens and sidewalks should be cleared of weeds, flower stalks, fallen leaves and other rubbish.
- II. Enlist services of young boys' and girls' clubs and societies in cleaning up streets.
- III. Fall planting and transplanting—bulbs, peonies, iris, etc.

Longing

By Josephine Spencer

As the soul of man is moved with divine unrest
At thought of deeds done by heroes his heart esteems—
So earth has its visions and reveries, longing and dreams,
And the young and untried soul of the west
Broods on scenes with the glory of great deeds blest:
Deeds history blazoned whose light immortally gleams
(Dew-rayed with a splendor of song in ages of rest)
For lands of old the classic seas and ancient streams.
I have seen my own secluded, familiar vale
Lost to itself in a breathless reverie
Of storied scenes, and mountain and plain and sea,
Filled with the spirit born of an old time tale,
Showing strange and dim as a face through a veil:
When a gray mist that tarried breathlessly,
Came as a courier-worn, tremulous, pale—
With a vision of solemn warning of things to be.
And a pageant of purple clouds marching down to the coasts
Of the mountains, filling the plain with alarm;
And the gray, hushed winds on the hills with a rumor of harms,
Had portent of mighty throngs, Illyrian hosts—
Herbraic victors—as present and palpitant ghosts:
And the timbrel clash of the sun through clouds and swarms
Of spear-flashes from lakes and streams, held boasts
The meeting of jubilant legions and triumph of arms.

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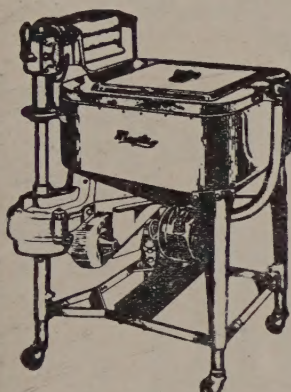
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